

## The Critic

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1885.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, by Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Taintor Bro's, Merrill & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano, and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Pierce & Snyder, and Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

### Mark Twain's Semi-Centennial.

MARK TWAIN will be half-a-hundred years old on Monday. Within the past half-century he has done more than any other man to lengthen the lives of his contemporaries by making them merrier, and it looks as if he were going to do even more good in this way within the next fifty years than in those just ended. We print below a few letters of condolence from writers whose pens, like his, have increased 'the stock of harmless pleasures,' and whom we have reminded of the approach of Mr. Clemens's first semi-centennial.

#### To Mark Twain

(ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY).

AH Clemens, when I saw thee last,—

We both of us were younger,—

How fondly mumbling o'er the past

Is Memory's toothless hunger!

So fifty years have fled, they say,

Since first you took to drinking,—

I mean in Nature's milky way,—

Of course no ill I'm thinking.

But while on life's uneven road

Your track you've been pursuing,

What fountains from your wit have flowed—

What drinks you have been brewing!

I know whence all your magic came,—

Your secret I've discovered,—

The source that fed your inward flame—

The dreams that round you hovered:

Before you learned to bite or munch

Still kicking in your cradle,

The Muses mixed a bowl of punch

And Hebe seized the ladle.

Dear babe, whose fiftieth year to-day

Your ripe half-century rounded,

Your books the precious draught betray

The laughing Nine compounded.

So mixed the sweet, the sharp, the strong,

Each finds its faults amended,

The virtues that to each belong

In happier union blended.

And what the flavor can surpass

Of sugar, spirit, lemons?

So while one health fills every glass

Mark Twain for Baby Clemens!

BOSTON, Nov. 23d, 1885. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MY DEAR MR. CLEMENS:

In your first half-century you have made the world laugh more than any other man. May you repeat the whole performance and 'mark twain!' Yours very truly,

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

MY DEAR NEIGHBOR:

You may think it an easy thing to be fifty years old, but you will find it not so easy to stay there, and your next fifty years will slip away much faster than those just accomplished. After all, half a century is not much, and I wouldn't throw it up to you now, only for the chance of saying that few living men have crowded so much into that space as you, and few have done so much for the entertainment and good-fellowship of the world. And I am glad to see that you wear your years as lightly as your more abundant honors. Having successfully turned this corner, I hope that we shall continue to be near neighbors and grow young together. Ever your friend,

CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER.

HARTFORD, Nov. 22, 1885.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

There must be some joke about this matter, or else fifty years are not as burdensome as they were in the days when men were narrow-minded and lacked humor—that is to say, when there was no Mark Twain to add salt to youth and to season old age. In those days a man at fifty was conceded to be old. If he had as many enemies as he had grandchildren it was thought that he had lived a successful life. Now Mark Twain has no grandchildren, and his enemies are only among those who do not know how to enjoy the humor that is inseparable from genuine human nature.

I saw Mr. Twain not so very long ago piloting a steam-boat up and down the Mississippi River in front of New Orleans, and his hand was strong and his eye keen. Somewhat later I heard him discussing a tough German sentence with Little Jean—a discussion in which the toddling child probably had the best of it,—but his mind was clear, and he was babbling over with good humor. I have seen him elsewhere and under other circumstances, but the fact that he was bordering on fifty years never occurred to me.

And yet I am glad that he is fifty years old. He has earned the right to grow old and mellow. He has put his youth in his books, and there it is perennial. His last book is better than his first, and there his youth is renewed and revived. I know that some of the professional critics will not agree with me, but there is not in our fictive literature a more wholesome book than 'Huckleberry Finn.' It is history, it is romance, it is life. Here we behold human character stripped of all tiresome details; we see people growing and living; we laugh at their humor, share their griefs; and, in the midst of it all, behold we are taught the lesson of honesty, justice and mercy.

But this is somewhat apart from my purpose; it was my desire simply to join THE CRITIC in honoring the fiftieth anniversary of an author who has had the genius to be original, and the courage to give a distinctively American flavor to everything he has ever written.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

ATLANTA, GA., 21 Nov., 1885.

### Some Favorites, Old and New.

'What shall our children read?' is, at this season of the year, in many households a question as urgent as the more prosaic 'What shall they eat, and wherewithal shall they be clothed?' According to our modern system of education, the young persons under discussion spend, of necessity, so many hours a day in mental wrestle with the difficulties of elemental or of advanced study, it would seem desirable to relax rather than tighten the strings of the intellectual key-board during their leisure moments. Therefore, after an extended survey of the field of juvenile literature of the present season, we are inclined to cry 'Stand and deliver!' to certain of the writers for children who now 'take the road.' Why do they deem it indispensable to underlay their flowers of fancy with facts hard enough to satisfy the

measure of even Mr. Gradgrind's ambition? Why do they make the kernels of their fruits of wisdom so uncommonly large and stony that young teeth are cracked thereon? Why is Imagination—poor, forsaken nymph!—condemned to stand disconsolate in a corner, sheltering herself behind her dusty, drooping wings?

Look at shelf after shelf of 'juvenile' books nowadays, and you will find very few the equals of many of those dear volumes thumb-worn by the generation past. What scene in contemporaneous fiction brings to the eyes such tears as those shed over the part of 'Masterman Ready,' where William and Mr. Seagrave, and black Juno covered poor old Ready's body with the Union Jack, and laid him in his grave? And 'The Children of the New Forest!' How we thrilled in honest sympathy when they made their escape from the Roundheads to find a leafy hiding-place in old Jacob's hut! How we loved Jacob, too—another one of Marryat's strong creations, who will not let himself pass out of mind! Over the mirth-provoking episodes of Harry and Laura in 'Holiday House,' laughter has many a time 'held both her sides.' Genuine children they were, those merry scamps of Miss Sinclair's; loyal and truth-telling in all their scrapes, though perhaps incomprehensibly submissive to that dreadful old nurse Crabtree, in the eyes of American children of this emancipated age. A story-book of Miss Warner's, called 'Carl Krinken and his Christmas Stocking' had a warm place in our affections. All the tales told to Carl at Christmas were simple, tender, charming—one or two of them poetic; and we preferred them greatly to the tear-drenched pages of 'Ellen Montgomery' and 'Queechy.'

Take again Miss Edgeworth's 'Parent's Assistant!' From cover to cover it may be read without finding a dull page or a strained situation. 'Lazy Laurence,' while exciting in the little reader a spirit of industry and independence, depicts a scene of English rural life most pleasing to the eye. Dame Preston, with her strawberry bed, her pinks and roses tied into small nosegays for sale, her pet horse Lightfoot, and her staunch boy Jem, are never to be forgotten. In 'Barring Out' boys are taught the wholesome lesson of how to lead a party into successful action, while keeping a firm hold of truth and open dealing. The pathetic bleat of 'Simple Susan's' lamb, and the fragrance of her broth strewn with marigolds, haunt us across intervening years. 'Little Merchants' glows with color of Neapolitan life in market-place and on seashore. 'Waste Not, Want Not' has brought about economy of many a bit of string untied with due deliberation, not cut in haste from tempting parcels; while the 'Orphans' and the 'Basket-Woman'—the latter describing gentlefolks who wore powdering slippers, who supped on Dunstable larks, who made their journeys in a dark green chaise, stopping at the sign of the Dun Cow—are quite delightful reading even now. We confess to not retaining the old enthusiasm for Edgeworth's 'Moral Tales.' These are, avowedly, stories that 'neither dissipate the attention nor inflame the imagination.' We almost think we prefer a dissipated attention and an inflamed imagination. After Miss Edgeworth had published them, her talented father wrote an intensely moral analysis of them. Both authors united in relegating 'Once upon a time' and its devotees to the darkness of utter condemnation. Such writing, they said, only perverted the youthful judgment and gave a false coloring to nature. Jack the Giant-Killer received a tremendous thump with his own cudgel; Tom Thumb and Sinbad the Sailor were censured as vain creations of a disordered imagination, destitute of the ethics of moral truth. And yet see how, in spite of good Miss Edgeworth and her papa, the ostracized heroes have gone on flourishing in edition after edition, passing through every variety of type and cover, depicted by illustrators in every generation, their adventures told and retold in half the tongues of Europe these hundred years, while 'Angelina, or l'Amie Inconnue' gathers dust on shelves unvisited!

What must the school of ethical philosophers at the end

of the last century have thought of the Travels of Baron Munchausen, published in 1786, and endorsed by those travellers of respectability 'Sinbad,' 'Aladdin' and 'Gulliver?' Yet we have seen, recently, a little reader of many books dissolved in cackinnations at the image of the doughty Baron surveying his horse, whom he had tied over-night to a stake projecting from a snowy plain, hanging by his bridle to the weather-cock of the village steeple, the hero himself having sunk with the melting snow to the level of the churchyard! As for the much-discussed 'Travels of Gulliver,' there is an illustrated edition for young people, edited by Peter Pindar, in which Lilliput and Brobdingnag may be enjoyed without fear of a shock from the defiant licence of the witty Dean. 'Robinson Crusoe' is like good wine that has mellowed in the cask of Time, needing no bush to proclaim it. 'The Swiss Family Robinson' is perennial. No one who ever made acquaintance with those amiable and inventive exiles is likely to forget Jack and Fritz and Ernest, and the Mother with the Bag. 'The Child's own Book,' a *réchauffé* of Madame d'Aulnoy's fairy-tales and of others culled from European literature at large, is wellnigh out of date. Yet there was a time when the squat volume was known in most American nurseries. Therein were found the 'Yellow Dwarf,' 'Graciosa and Percinet,' and 'Riquet with the Tuft' (on which latter, as a frame-work, Théodore de Banville has lately constructed a charming little play, entitled 'Riquet à la Houppe'). These tales, though told in stilted language, had the power to transport the lads and lasses, who pored over them with kindling eye and glowing cheek, into that realm of faery whence the reader seldom emerges unless forced by the needs of physical existence to resort to food or sleep. To this class of books, conjured at haphazard from the twilight of the past, belongs Thackeray's 'Rose and Ring,' a fairy-tale of delightful drollery. To make it what it is, the author must have followed his own recipe for a Christmas pantomime: 'He pounds the sparkling sugar of benevolence, the plums of fancy, the sweetmeats of fun, the figs of—well, the figs of fairy fiction, let us say,—and pops the whole in the seething cauldron of imagination.'

To praise much of the old is not, however, to dispraise all the new. Certainly not, in a generation that has produced Frank Stockton. Lord Brabourne writes pleasantly of fairies, good and bad; Lewis Carroll's fun is delicious; and, latterly, Charles E. Carryl has done some charming work in 'Davy and the Goblin.' As stories of pure pathos, constructed with distinct literary skill, we know few to match with Mrs. Ewing's. The author of 'Miss Toosey's Mission,' Flora Shaw, Miss Alcott, Miss Coolidge, Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Thaxter, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Rollins, all deserve the success they have won in this field of story-telling. Mrs. Burnett's first venture in literature since her long and distressing invalidism is a child's story called 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' to be published in *St. Nicholas*. Among the modern male writers who have attained most popularity with American juveniles are Rider Haggard, Stevenson, Howard Pyle, Knox, Trowbridge, 'Jimmy Brown,' George Cary Eggleston, Alden and Brooks. Sydney Lanier's books deal more with chivalry than with the realm of pure imagination we have here set out to explore. Of history diluted, of science so administered in capsules that the patient does not recognize the taste, of facts from the animal world, our authors and publishers of children's books give us an abundance. In reading them, one recalls what Dr. Johnson said of Dr. Watts, apropos of the great philosopher's writings for little ones: 'A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is perhaps the hardest lesson which humility can teach.'

Going to the opposite extreme, many of the children's books to-day depend on trickeries appealing to the eye alone. Brilliant color is lavished on the binding; every device of pictorial art is exhausted on the pages. The text, generally a secondary consideration, is of that washy nature that

makes the intelligent child soon abandon it in weariness. Who has not seen the intending purchaser, toward Christmas time especially, turn over volume after volume in feverish haste to see which has the prettiest cover for a given amount of money? Thus it is, that an assortment of rhymes and jingles, exhausted in an hour, often falls to the lot of anticipating childhood, for no better reason than that a Kate Greenaway maiden may be seen upon the back, leaning over a garden-gate holding a stalk of sun-flowers! It may be that, if purchasers were more discriminating, authors and publishers would rally up to them and serve a little more of meat and less of bonbons for the children's literary feast at Christmas. But when, as in the case of a few of the modern volumes mentioned, artist and author happily combine in a production to which printer and publisher add the graces of recent press-work, we should be churls, not critics, to pick out a fault for mention.

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

### The New York Musical Season.

It is evident from the promises held out by managers and the performances which have been had up to date that the musical season of 1885-86 in New York will not only be the most remarkable in the history of music in the American metropolis, but that it cannot be paralleled throughout the world. It is not the mere quantity of music that has been projected that stamps the season with its unique character, but, we are able already to say, the excellence of the interpretation which the music will receive. All but one of the larger institutions devoted to musical performances have exhibited their merits in a sufficient degree to make an estimate possible, the Opera sung by Americans being the only exception. So that what we have heard, taken in connection with what we are promised, justifies in the fullest degree the epithet which we have used to characterize the season.

A brief enumeration of the significant features will help to an understanding of a few reflections on this unwonted musical activity. In opera—omitting the current representations of operettas, such as 'The Mikado' and the Casino list—we have already seen the end of Mr. Mapleson's Italian season (or, rather, we will see the end with to-day's matinee representation), and have been launched into the immeasurably more significant and interesting German season at the Metropolitan Opera House. This season is to compass thirty-nine subscription nights and thirteen matinees. When it is about half over, the American season at the Academy of Music will begin (January 4) on a subscription of forty nights and sixteen matinees. Mr. Mapleson's Italian season comes prematurely to an end after twelve evening representations and four matinees. A simple arithmetical exercise demonstrates, therefore, that the New York public is called upon this season to patronize one hundred and twenty-four operatic performances. But this is not all. The Philharmonic Society, with a record of forty-three years of most honorable service in behalf of music, announces its usual list of six concerts and six public rehearsals; the younger Symphony Society does likewise; the Oratorio Society—cutting off one concert because of the plenitude of musical entertainments and the costliness of great choral performances, as well as to clear the decks for the unusual amount of action necessary to prepare the monumental works in its scheme—comes forward with three concerts and three public rehearsals, and has already finely fulfilled its promises to the extent of one-third. The Chorus Society, which was disbanded in the summer because Mr. Thomas could no longer give it his services as conductor, brings out of the field four musicians rushed in to fill its place. Mr. Van der Stucken organized a choir to coöperate with him in his most laudable plan to keep the New York public abreast with the creative spirit of to-day; Mr. S. N. Penfield, Mr. Edward Heimendahl and Signor Bialla also called small societies

into being for the purpose of cultivating various kinds of choral music. These, with the private clubs and such special concert organizations as the St. George's Glee Club, the Henrietta Beebe Quartette, the Philharmonic Club and the Standard Quartette (the latter two devoted to chamber music) are the institutions to be relied on for a few regularly appointed concerts each, and occasional hearings at other entertainments.

Vastly different is the scope and purpose of Mr. Theodore Thomas's new concert enterprise. The Thomas Popular Concerts are an effort to enable Mr. Thomas to realize the height of his ambition as an orchestral conductor. For years it has been his dream to secure control of an orchestra which should be solely under his direction and should, in its *personnel* and its manner of play, represent his conception of the ideal in orchestral music. He has many theories about essentials in this matter, and one of them is that his musicians should be young men who are ambitious and willing, with whom musical interpretation has not yet become mere handiwork, and that these young men should play always in a band composed of able instrumentalists with good instruments properly proportioned in their distribution, in order that their sense of hearing should remain keen and refined. This is the explanation of his criticism, most correct and vigorously expressed, published among other observations in *Scribner's Monthly* several years ago. Mr. Thomas is attempting to put his theory into practice. He has brought together a body of musicians of just the size that Beethoven specified as the model orchestra for the interpretation of his symphonies; has engaged them by the week to play for him alone; and has projected two concerts a week (Tuesday evening and Thursday afternoon) from November 3 till April 15. Several of these concerts have been given in the Academy of Music, and have demonstrated in a striking manner the correctness of Mr. Thomas's ideas.

The state of things indicated by this outline of the season's musical programme, compared with what is doing in other parts of the world, is certainly anomalous. Unsatisfactory as Mr. Mapleson's opera season was, it would in all probability compare favorably with the representations in the majority of the few European theatres still devoted to Italian opera. In Italy we would have to except La Scala in Milan San Carlo in Naples, and the Apollo in Rome. In the capitals which once were its mainstay—London, St. Petersburg and Paris—Italian opera is moribund. To judge by the representation of 'Lohengrin' at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday last, the German opera will be signalized by as serious an artistic purpose, as enterprising a spirit and as intelligent an administration as the best of operatic institutions in Germany, and its artistic equipment is inferior to but few of them. In securing the services of Herr Seidl the management acquired a host. Our Philharmonic Society has more years than the Vienna Society of similar name, and its plans for the season are far more interesting; it is younger than the London Philharmonic, but there is no question of its superiority. To find something like a parallel for Mr. Thomas's Populars we would have to go to Boston, but there Herr Gericke, the Viennese musician imported to conduct them, has not succeeded in bringing together a band in any respect comparable with Mr. Thomas's. The Oratorio Society is among the foremost choral organizations of the country, and the ambitious spirit of Mr. Damrosch, its conductor, and the Directors of the Society, is amply attested in the choice of Berlioz's *Messe des Morts* and Wagner's 'Parsifal' for production this season in addition to 'The Messiah.' The season will be rich, too, in novelties. The German Opera will give us Wagner's 'Rienzi,' 'Meistersinger' and 'Die Götterdämmerung' and Goldmark's 'Königin von Saba'; the American Opera Gluck's 'Orpheus' (practically a novelty, though it was brought out in New York by Mlle. Vestrali in 1863), Nicolai's 'Merry Wives of Windsor' (which has been specially adapted for Mr.

Locke, the manager), Götze's 'Taming of the Shrew' and Delibes's 'Lakme.' Mr. Mapleson promised Massenet's 'Manon Lescaut,' but the poverty of the patronage given him was such as to discourage him from keeping the Academy open to say nothing of bringing out new works. Altogether the people of New York have reason to congratulate themselves on the possession of facilities for hearing good music enjoyed by the citizens of no other city in the world.

### The National Academy Exhibition.

To say of the current exhibition that its general quality is somewhat better than that of its predecessors is not to say very much in the way of praise. But we can conscientiously say a little more—can add that it contains some four or five canvases which are really interesting. Perhaps the most immediately striking among these is Mr. Winslow Homer's 'Herring Net' in the South Gallery. In composition it is very effective, but without any sign of exaggerated 'originality' or deliberate striving for effectiveness; and it is interesting to note in how artistic a way the real value of the theme is emphasized. This value lies in what the two fishermen in the dory are doing—not in what they are feeling or thinking; and our attention is directed, therefore, not to their faces but to their attitudes and their hands. Mr. Homer's technique is not apt to be so pleasing—nor, indeed, so good—when he uses oils as when he uses water-colors. Here, for example, while admirably rendering the forms and the motion of the water, he fails to render its quality, beautifully rendered though this has been in many of his aquarelles. But, on the other hand, the peculiar quality of the atmosphere is extremely well expressed. Mr. Inness's landscapes, as might be guessed, are infinitely the best of those exhibited. But, as might also be divined, some of them are better than others. The finest is the 'Nantucket Moor' in the South Gallery—a stretch of flatland with low, grey-painted barns in the middle distance and a rosy late-sunset sky beyond. The composition of this sky is as delightful as is its wonderfully luminous quality, and one might well study the picture in all its parts if in search of a lesson as to how atmosphere may be painted. The air seems to live and vibrate before our eyes and to stretch palpable, breathable depths between us and the grey walls of the distant buildings. It is a gem of a picture; and next to it in value, perhaps, comes the 'Woodland Path' in the East Gallery.

And then, for another item of interest, we must turn to the West Gallery and to Mr. F. S. Church's 'Sibyl'—the profile, half-length figure of a young girl with her arms outstretched along a shelf or table, and her hands clasped around a mummy's head which she is steadfastly regarding. The half-mystical sentiment of the motive is enhanced in the execution by the delicate pallid scheme of color, by the lack of detail in the modelling, and still further by the faint wreath of smoke which rises from a small bronze incense-burner behind the mummy's head and drifts across this and on past the sibyl's shoulder. But the most noteworthy point about the picture is the skill with which the face is conceived—American in type, but full of that sort of purity and grace one is always tempted to call 'classic,' and expressing the intended sentiment in the most distinct yet simple and unforced way. Sometimes Mr. Church's fancies are pretty fancies merely. But in this picture there is no weakness in either mood or manner, though there is in both an extreme refinement and delicacy. It shows feeling as well as fancy; it has a distinct pictorial as well as a distinct decorative value; and it has even that rare artistic quality which is expressed by the word style.

In Mr. Kappes's little picture of an old negro darning his stockings he is less strong in 'character' than usual, but gives us instead a charming study of light tones in strong illumination; and Mr. Poore's 'At Twilight' should be noticed for its singularly well-individualized white oxen.

Otherwise there is not much to detain us, except, indeed, Miss Condie's modest little 'Portrait Head' in the corner room, which is very nice in color and extremely vital in character. Mr. Moscheles is, we believe, an Englishman who has of late been much employed and much esteemed among us as a portrait-painter. Looking at his essay in the North Room, we can only wonder why.

### The Palmer.

THOU who wouldst a palmer be,  
Let thy faith suffice to thee.  
Say not, 'I to-morrow will  
Get beyond the sunrise hill,  
Pass the sea and cross the sand  
Till I come to Holy Land,  
And beneath the lamps that glow  
In the shrine my heart I show,  
Leave my gift and round my vow  
Bearing thence the victor bough.'

Say not this, nor take in hand  
Staff and scrip for Holy Land.  
Thou be wiser than the rest  
Who have bound them to the quest;  
Breathe thy vow and waft thy gift,  
Single heart to Heaven lift;  
Here remain if thou wouldst be  
Palmer in all verity:  
Know thy faith doth brighter shine  
Than the lamps within the shrine.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

### Silver Rod.

As a rule, the floral necropolis styled herbarium is to me the least interesting of scientific collections: I have no more use for the dead peers of flowerdom lying in faded state than I have for mummified Egyptian royalty. But I would make an exception to the rule, remembering that there is one dry garden which never fails to offer instruction and enjoyment. This garden rambles widely, including wood borders, pastures and stream sides. The plants with which it is adorned are either dead or dying, yet it is not easy to regard them merely as dried specimens; on the contrary, they are scarcely less beautiful than when they moved in the train of the varicolored and sybaritic summer. Foremost in this wild herbarium stands Silver Rod. Who knows not Silver Rod, the lovely and reverend old age of Golden Rod,—else Golden Rod beatified and sainted, looking moonlit and misty even in the sunshine! In this soft, canescent after-bloom beginning at the apex of the flower cluster and gradually spreading downward, the eye finds an agreeable relief from the recent dazzle of yellow splendor. I almost forget that the herb is not literally in bloom, that it is no longer ministered to by sunshine and dew. Is there not, perhaps, some kind of bee that loves to work among these plummy blossoms, gathering a concentrated form of nectar, pulverulent *flower* of honey? I gently stir this tufted staff, and away floats a little cloud of pappus, in which I recognize the golden and silver rods of another year, if the feathery seeds shall find hospitable lodgment in the earth. (Two other plants in the wild herbarium deserve to be ranked with my subject, for the grace and dignity with which they wear their seedy fortunes: iron-weed, with its pretty, daisy-shaped involucre; and life-everlasting, which, having provided its own ceremonies and spices, now rests embalmed in all the pastures; it is still pleasantly odorous, and, as often as I meet it, puts me in mind of an old-fashioned verse which speaks of the 'actions of the just' and their lasting bloom and sweetness.) On a chill November day I fancy that the air is a little softer in places where Silver Rod holds sway, and that these spirits of peace and patience have their

special haunts; also, passing my thoughts under that rod for discipline, I record a gain in content and serenity.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

### Stedman and Poe Again.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

THE two points in Mr. Stedman's notice of Poe which are objected to by your correspondent in a recent issue, have impressed me in another way. They confirm rather than weaken my faith in the critic's acumen. Mr. Stedman says of Poe that 'the slender body of his poetical remains should make writers hesitate to pronounce him our greatest one,' and your correspondent asks: 'If this were so, where would Sappho stand? or the unknown creator of the Apollo Belvedere, in the ranks of Greek artists?' As to Sappho, we may answer that she would probably stand exactly where she now stands—not by any means as the greatest one among Greek poets, but only so great a one as the quality and quantity of her poems can make her. Not the fragments of her writing which we possess, but these *plus* the greater fragments which are lost, decide her standing. Our judgment of her is formed largely on that of her readers in ancient times. Moreover, her prominence in the world is due in part to the fact that she stands within the classical circle where another interest attaches besides that of personal achievement.

With the sculptor of the Apollo Belvedere we can hardly compare a modern American poet. The circumstances are too widely different. But it is safe to say that if this unknown sculptor had made also a perfect Diana, it would be natural and right to increase his share of fame. We know men only so far as they express themselves to us. Fullness of life and fullness of expression are two factors, neither of which can be ignored. Many a man can write a perfect line, or stanza, perhaps even a perfect poem, who can yet go no farther. But it would be a false standard of criticism which should assign such a man a higher place than Shakespeare on the ground that Shakespeare is not free from literary faults. It is the constant flow that reveals the perennial spring. The great artist is he who both possesses and expresses life. And as a rule have not our greatest ones, other things being equal, produced the most abundantly?

As to the other point, also, I think Mr. Stedman is right when he says in allusion to Poe's habit of hoarding and elaborating his songs: 'It does not betoken affluence.' But your correspondent asks: 'Why should he search the mines for new jewels when he had rough diamonds of the first water already on hand?' I would not underestimate the value of elaboration in poetical work. That it is of prime importance and productive of the best results, we have sufficient evidence in such workers as Tennyson. But there is a difference between working on an old song and working on a new song as indicative of affluence.

For the time being a man's latest inspirations seem always to be his best, and so long as they come in fullness and power he is less likely to attempt a resurrection of those which are dead. To 'search the mines,' in the question just quoted, should refer to the laborious process of working over old songs; the 'rough diamond' should mean the new inspirations. With this rearrangement of the meaning, the question may be regarded as its own answer.

SAMUEL V. COLE.

ANDOVER, MASS., 21 Nov., 1885.

MISS MARY ANDERSON will contribute to the January number of *Lippincott's* a paper of reminiscences of her recent trip to England, giving her impressions of London audiences and London society. A notable article in the same number will consist of a series of criticisms by George Eliot upon Dickens, Tennyson, Carlyle, Kingsley, Browning, and others of her noted contemporaries, newly resuscitated from *The Westminster Review*.

### The Lounger

THE fame of Mr. Bailey, 'the *Danbury News* man,' has spread to England, but in that progressive country he has ceased to be a human being, and become a weekly newspaper. In an appreciative article by Mr. Andrew Lang, or some other clever writer for the London *Daily News*, he is alluded to impersonally as 'the *Danbury Newsman*'—an American journal which is said to contain 'nothing but merriment, a fearful idea.' 'We have nothing like this at home,' adds the Englishman, 'and as for writers who make their readers laugh almost indelicately often, where are they to be found?' Josh Billings does not seem to have been well-known in England, but Mark Twain is; and the *Daily News* describes him as 'a writer whose genius goes on mellowing, ripening, widening and improving at an age when another man would have written himself out,'—an author of the highest merit, and far remote from the mere buffoon.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: 'In your paragraph on the boom in American novels, haven't you underestimated the possible profits of the American novelist? You took a total sale of 5000 copies at \$1 each, which at 10 per cent copyright would give the author \$500. But the book may have been published at \$1.25 or \$1.50; it may sell more than 5000 copies; the author may get more than 10 per cent on the retail price—I know of one case where he got 22½. And you forgot the sale of the serial right to a magazine or a weekly. Another reflection which your paragraph suggests is that the English novel has almost disappeared from the American magazine. *The Century* gave him up ten years ago or more. *The Atlantic*, in its long career, has had but three English novels—and all three were unsatisfactory—"Griffith Gaunt," "Two on a Tower," and "A Country Gentleman." In *Harper's* and *Lippincott's* the English novelist still "divides time" with the American: and I cannot but think that it is a mistaken policy on the part of the editors of these magazines to fill their pages with serial stories which can soon be bought complete for less than the price of a single number of the monthly.'

I QUITE agree with my correspondent that the book may sell more than 5000, and that the author may get more than 10 per cent on the retail price; but I don't think that it often happens. I am assured by indisputable authority that the last novel of the most talked about and high-priced novelist in America—a novel, too, that has attracted exceptional attention—has not reached a sale of 10,000 copies or anything like it. So what must be the sale of a less popular novel? I know of 22½ per cent having been paid, and I know, too, that such generous treatment of his authors caused the publisher who paid it to fail. The serial publication of a novel is a great thing for an author, but there is not a sufficient demand for serials, the number of periodicals that can use them being limited. An international copyright law is the only hope for the American author.

RUSKIN is certainly frank, whatever else he may be. In the fifth instalment of his autobiography—a chapter which he calls 'Parnassus and Plynlimmon'—he tells us that he did not like his cousin Margaret, though she was 'clever and witty,' because she had a twisted spine, and he adds: 'I never liked invalids, and don't to this day; and Margaret used to wear her hair in ringlets, which I couldn't abide the sight of.' Though it costs nearly four times as much as the American I have subscribed for the English edition of 'Præterita' (which is the title Ruskin has given to this book), because I want to own the one that is printed by Ruskin's own printer, George Allen, of Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. Of Ruskin's other writings I am content to own Messrs. Wiley's excellent edition; and it is well that I am, for the English one is beyond the means of a modest book-buyer. This autobiography will no doubt cost a pretty penny before it is finished. Ruskin admits that his pen is apt to run away with him, but he makes the running so fascinating that we would fain have it run on for ever. In the fifth instalment of 'Præterita' he has not more than reached his ninth year. *Fors* ran up to something like 90 books, and the autobiography may number as many; but I, for one, shall not complain if it does.

THE cover of Mrs. Rollins' delightful little book, 'The Story of a Ranch,' was designed, I believe, by her daughter, and the careful observer will notice that it is altogether symbolic of ranch life. The sheep-bells, the shears, the ropes and the rams-

horns are all dexterously utilized in making the letters of the title. Speaking of book-covers, I met Miss Kate Sanborn in Boston last week, and asked her what the grasshopper meant on the cover of her 'Wit of Women.' 'That is not a grasshopper,' she replied; 'it is a katydid. Miss Rose Cleveland had a rose on the cover of her book, so I chose a katydid for mine. All my friends call me Katy, and this is the book that Katy did.'

I NEVER knew a paper to improve as the *Star* has since Mr. Dorsheimer became its owner. It is now one of the most readable as well as one of the most dignified newspapers in the city. Its Sunday edition is particularly good, and none of its departments are better than those devoted to books and art. I don't know who writes the reviews, but the art department is in the hands of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer and Miss Charlotte Adams—ladies who have gained an enviable reputation as art critics. The *Star* is to be congratulated, and so are its readers. The paper is not only well written but it is well printed.

MISS KATE FIELD had a fine audience at her lecture last Saturday night. I recognized a number of literary people there, and they seemed very much interested in what she had to say about Mormonism. Miss Anna Dickinson sat in an orchestra chair and listened with so much attention that I wondered she had never felt moved to head a crusade against polygamy herself. Miss Field told her story with much clearness, and made point after point against the unhallowed Utah institution. The stories she told of her own experience in Utah were the most interesting, and were received with the warmest applause.

### Boston's Literary Prestige.

THE interesting and suggestive question, 'Is Boston Losing its Literary Prestige?' is answered by a number of contributors to the December *Brooklyn Magazine*. We extract a paragraph from the contribution of each of the writers who has taken this opportunity of expressing his opinion on the subject.

REV. DR. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.—On arriving one afternoon in Boston after an absence of more than thirty years, as an inhabitant, my first experience was a shock. I had been travelling in Europe and arrived alone, and somewhat overweighed with small luggage. As I stepped from the car, my foot tripped, and I fell at full length upon the platform. My hat flew off; my bags were scattered in various directions, and I lay sprawling and helpless. Of the hundreds of people who walked by, not one, man or woman, stopped with offers to help me, with inquiries as to whether I was hurt. Not one aided me to pick up my bundles. All were intent on their own affairs. Slowly I picked myself up, collected my things, called a carriage, and drove to a hotel, revolving many thoughts. Such an accident, I considered, could not have occurred a generation before. Boston had changed. The old Boston was no more. A commercial spirit had taken the place of the former literary one. The ancient respect for age, infirmity, misfortune, suffering, was banished. The ancient kindness, born of a study of the 'humanities,' was gone. The courtesy, fed by liberal pursuits—a familiarity with foreign literatures, ideas, books, tongues—a courtesy so nearly allied to religion, was dead, and henceforth a new order was to prevail. But when I had been in the city a few days, had frequented the public library where the largest liberality is dispensed, where the highest mental needs of the community are ministered to; where scholarship obtains abundant consideration, and the utmost civility is shown to the inquirer for knowledge; when I found with what hospitality the public or private treasures of learning were placed at the disposal of students; when I discovered how much interest was felt, in society, in matters purely literary; when I perceived the deep influence of Cambridge's professors on the intellectual life of the metropolis, my first impressions were modified. The old tradition still lingered. The genius still existed, unaffected apparently by the currents of modern life which had taken possession of the great thoroughfares and the sweep whereof was seen by all men.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.—London and Paris are literary centres; why should not America have a literary centre too? But London and Paris are the rallying-points of all the genius and intellect of their respective nations, not only as regards literature, but also politics, science, art and commerce. The best life of all the people naturally and inevitably culminates there. Can

the same be said of Boston, or, for that matter, of any other city in the United States? Were it so, it would be a pity. The spirit of the age, especially in this country, is opposed to all centralization; and literature, more than most things, is liable to detriment from such a condition. Literary centralization means literary cliques; and literary cliques mean mutual admiration, provincialism, affectation, and dry-rot. We have got a continent to take care of; and, should we fail in judgment, I trust that the healthy natural instincts of the continent itself will tend to disseminate its modest supply of culture over as wide an area as possible, instead of attempting to concentrate it in any single feverish and congested spot. Literary men, like other men of one profession, like to meet one another occasionally, and compare notes; but it does them harm, and not good, to huddle continually under one another's noses; and there are grounds for believing that they are not indifferent to the matchless opportunities for independent development with which their mighty country furnishes them.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.—The advantage to a literary man of the libraries of Boston and Cambridge is so great that, to me at least, it would seem a calamity to have to dwell beyond their reach. There are four of these institutions especially—the Harvard College Library, the Boston Public Library, the Boston Athenæum and the State Library—all ample and increasing, all admirably managed, and all easily accessible to students. Great as are the social and artistic advantages of New York over Boston, I cannot but think that for the man engaged in serious literary pursuits this advantage outweighs them all. When I consider that all the resources of the largest publishers in the United States could not conveniently obtain in New York the books needed to illustrate my late series of historical chapters in *Harper's Magazine*, so that the books thus employed were usually obtained by me from Boston and Cambridge libraries and sent to New York for use, it is evident that the author residing near Boston has in this respect some real advantages. When to this we add the collateral resources of the Art Museum in that city, of the great Agassiz Museum in Cambridge, and of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology, it is evident that this region offers great opportunities for study and authorship. Of course these things cannot take the place of original and creative thought, but they at least stimulate and feed it.

REV. DR. FREDERIC H. HEDGE.—Whatever the future may bring, the past is hers. And her past will count as a power and a sign in days to come. Emerson and Longfellow are frequently spoken of as dead. In literature they are not dead; their works live, not in bound volumes merely, but in our hearts and in our thoughts. Their glory has not faded, and is Boston's pride. I construe the name Boston, as others also do, as including dependencies beyond its municipal bounds. Then as to the present, Boston (always including Cambridge) is richer in literary celebrities, so it seems to me, than any other locality in these States. She has, to begin with, the best literary appliances, the best libraries, the most thoroughly equipped university. And for writers she has the most popular living American poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes; a well-known poet of another generation, Aldrich; the best story-teller, Edward Everett Hale; the best novelist, William D. Howells; the most distinguished humorist, James Russell Lowell. She has next to Bancroft—whom she might also rightfully claim—the foremost writer of history, Francis Parkman; the writer most learned in art, Charles E. Norton; and many classical scholars of renown connected with Harvard. These are some of the superiorities in which Boston rejoices; they constitute a 'prestige' not yet lost, nor likely soon to be lost.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.—The loss of prestige is evident in the fact that we no longer accept the literature which comes from Boston as setting the standard. Boston authors are read and criticized as impartially as any others, except by a few persons who have lived far away and are not quite up with the times. One cause of the change may be that literature in Boston has become too strongly colored by the professional spirit. Authors, there, are nearly always over-critical both of themselves and of others. They live in a critical atmosphere; the intellectual horizon is somewhat contracted; the atmosphere is cold and depressing. There has been a tendency to set up an oligarchy, and to assume that New England had an indisputable right to judge all literature and make it conform to New England canons, just as it was once believed that she was the sole and infallible arbiter of religious matters. Such a tendency always reacts upon the place of its origin. It stifles the creative impulse within the borders of that place, and forces people in

other places to look for larger horizons and to seek a freer development.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.—You ask if, in my judgment, Boston is 'losing its literary prestige.' The question is a double one: whether Boston is losing literary ability absolutely, and whether it is losing preëminence. To the former question I answer 'No,' without hesitation. It is common to see the golden age in the past. A generation early finds its idols and does not readily consent to their removal, or allow competition with them. There are great names which are thought to stand for unapproachable divinities. I have no doubt that Boston has to-day lawyers who are as strong in every branch of the profession as Webster and Choate. There are certainly as able preachers as were ever in its pulpits. There were never abler writers among its people. In all branches of literature this must be true. I believe that this eminence will be maintained. . . . New England is reproduced on other ground. The result may well be that Boston and Cambridge-by-the-Sea are less preëminent than they were. But they will not be less strong or have their influence less felt. I think this is the tendency of things now, and it may be added that it is a tendency which every large mind must approve.

R. W. GILDER.—I have such a deep conviction of the 'sensitiveness of cities,' that I hesitate to discuss so delicate a question as whether or not Boston is losing its literary prestige. To tell the truth, I have no objection to the 'prestige' of Boston, if I can be convinced that New York is doing all it should for art and literature. . . . I should be surprised if in the future any one city should hold the unquestioned literary preëminence which at one time belonged to Boston; but New York has always divided the honors with Boston. The metropolis, as such, will always allure writers, and be a stimulus to them; prosperous periodicals and publishing houses have also their concentrative effect. But whether in the future New York will hold and increase its old prestige largely depends upon the intelligence and liberality with which our colleges, libraries and museums are conducted. In such facilities and attractions Boston seems to be still ahead, and if those who manage these institutions here are not thoroughly alive to their duties and opportunities, we may wake up some day to find even Baltimore in advance of us in the spirit that invites and creates literary energy.

REV. DR. C. A. BARTOL.—Boston or New England has lost literary prestige, or the step in front, if at all, only because the ranks have closed up from behind and the order, forward march, has gone out to all the land. A school of metaphysical philosophy has sprung up in the West, romance blossoms in the Border States, among the mountains of Tennessee, art and letters in New York prove that material wealth must flower into intellectual worth, and Louisiana finds an interpreter of the Creoles in novels whose lively truth no prosaic history, lacking the dramatic genius, can match. The reason the old shores look less lofty is that the tide is rising all around, not that the cliffs have sunk. If there be a decline of talent and productive brain at the North, it is not therefore absolute, but relative, and so somewhat to be rejoiced in and nowise deplored. Dr. Channing, the famous divine, said he should have only a glad feeling in seeing his own writings eclipsed by the superior brightness of essays devoted to the same end. . . . Loss of prestige at any one point means occupying the circle and growth in the whole frame. The early planets, morning stars, lose their prestige when constellation coming after constellation sets the whole firmament ablaze. But Jupiter and Venus and Mars are not diminished though ten thousand other, and mayhap larger luminaries, appear.

### Holiday Publications.

'TUSCAN CITIES,' by William D. Howells (Ticknor & Co., \$5), is a collection of the charming papers recently contributed by Mr. Howells to *The Century*. The illustrations are by Mr. Pennell and other artists and are full of character, giving a different aspect to Italian life and architecture from the conventional one. They have just the crisp, delicate touches in them which are noticeable in Mr. Howells's descriptions of Italy, besides a fair share of the color-quality which also belongs to this writer. These papers treat the subject in an intentionally modern manner. Mr. Howells's happy faculty of making the most of simple, everyday occurrences is well exemplified in them, but the retrospective historical element is not absent, nor is artistic appreciation lacking. We are made to feel that the writer was taking a holiday, and his holiday mood colors even the minor incidents of the naive life that Americans lead in Italy.

DR. HOLMES's poem, 'The Last Leaf,' has been brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in a large volume (\$10) illustrated by George Wharton Edwards and F. Hopkinson Smith. The decorative borders and vignettes are elaborate and cleverly designed. The list of illustrations is followed by a *fac-simile* reproduction of the manuscript of the poem, signed by the author. The lines which form the subject of each illustration are placed in decorative settings on the left-hand pages, while the illustrations are placed opposite. The process employed to reproduce the large designs is the phototypic. The figure-subjects and decorative designs are mostly by Mr. Edwards, who manages pen-and-ink aquarelle, body-color and other media with equal facility. His compositions are picturesque, and he has caught the colonial American spirit perfectly in his characterizations. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's share in the illustration of this charming volume consists of a number of delicately handled charcoal landscapes, artistic in quality and full of feeling for nature. They are much above the average of his work. The reproductive side of the plates is very satisfactory. They are sharp, well-defined, and at once firm and soft in effect. The cover in gray, white and gold, is artistic in design and good in tone. The work, as a whole, reflects credit upon the publishers.

'SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS,' by Edmondo de Amicis (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$15), is one of the most ambitious of this year's holiday books. The publishers have issued this charming and celebrated work in a new edition of six hundred copies, which they call the Guadalquivir Edition. Forty copies are in two volumes, on Whatman paper, accompanied by sets of proof etchings and photogravures on satin. The remainder of the edition is in one large volume, on ragged-edge vellum paper, with wide margins. Ornamental initials, printed in rose-color, are placed at the beginning of each chapter. The typography of the work is excellent and reflects credit upon the Knickerbocker Press. The cover, in dark blue smooth cloth with elaborate outline decorations in gold, is tasteful and unobtrusive. The portrait-etching of de Amicis, which forms the frontispiece, is by Gabrielle D. Clements, and shows sympathy with the subject. Mr. St. John Harper's illustrations are 'Barcelona,' 'Madrid,' 'The Bullfight,' 'Aranjuez,' 'Cadiz,' 'Granada' and 'Valencia.' Mr. Swain Gifford contributes plates of 'Saragossa,' 'Burgos,' 'Valladolid,' 'Toledo' and 'Malaga.' Mr. Gifford's etchings of the 'Golden Tower at Seville' and of 'Gibraltar' show good work. Samuel Colman's two illustrations are the best pieces of engraving in the book. Of his three etchings, 'On the Darro' is the most creditable artistically. A fidelity to the topographical idea—perhaps too great a fidelity—characterises many of these illustrations. The engraving is good as regards delicacy and purity of line. Stephen J. Ferris supplies the costume element with two etchings, one presenting Fortuny's model, the prince of the gypsies. Mr. Charles A. Platt's three etchings—'The Bridge of Saragossa,' 'The Gate of Barcelona' and 'A Street in Toledo'—are by far the best of the original illustrations. Photogravures after Velasquez, Murillo and Worms, complete this pictorial scheme. De Amicis's book on Spain has the color, the light and the sparkle of a Spanish aquarelle, and its scheme of illustration should embody these qualities.

'FAVORITE POEMS OF JEAN INGELOW' (Roberts Brothers, \$5), contains 'Songs of Seven,' 'High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,' 'The Shepherd Lady' and other poems. The illustrations are numerous. In 'Songs of Seven' Miss C. A. Northam, Mr. J. Francis Murphy, and Mr. Edmund H. Garrett are the artists represented. The engraving, some of which is exquisite, especially in the landscape and flower subjects, reflects credit upon Mr. George T. Andrew. Mr. Garrett's flower compositions are charming. 'The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire' is elaborately and appropriately illustrated. Many of the designs are very artistic. Two of the best are St. John Harper's old woman at her spinning-wheel and the plate accompanying the words 'Upon the roof we sate that night.' F. S. Church's compositions, and especially the decorative designs illustrating the sweep of the waters and the sound of the bells, show much imaginative feeling. Mr. W. A. Rogers has a fine male figure. The landscapes of Harry Fenn have the true English character, and J. Francis Murphy's bits of nature preserve the delicacy of sentiment for which his work is noted. W. L. Taylor has a clever decorative design of wild parsley. The other artists represented are J. D. Woodward, J. Appleton Brown, F. B. Schell, W. F. Halsall and F. Childe Hassam. Mr. Andrew's engravings are true and artistic. In 'The Shepherd Lady and Other Poems,' Mr. Arthur Hughes's three plates are especially

worthy of note. The other artists are Mary A. Hallock, G. Perkins, J. A. Mitchell, W. L. Sheppard, Sol Eytinge and F. O. C. Darley. The engravers represented are Linton, Anthony, Dalziel Brothers and John Andrew and Son. The cover is very original in character. The middle of it is formed by an oblong panel in gold with the tower of St. Botolph in relief upon it. The cover proper forms a raised border, in green cloth stamped with dark red.

'RED-LETTER Poems by English Men and Women' (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$3.50) is a collection of the best individual poems by British writers. The illustrations are of appropriate character and up to the average of similar publications. In some cases, as in a group W. L. Taylor and the view of the Castle of Chillon, by Schell, they merit especial notice. The latter plate is very well engraved. — 'TENNYSON'S POEMS,' issued by the same house (\$5), contains a number of admirable illustrations and others of no particular merit. Mr. F. S. Church's 'Lotos-Land' is a charming composition well engraved. Mr. J. F. Murphy's landscape is so well reproduced as to preserve in the plate the subtlety and delicate accentuation of the original. The illustrations of 'The Beggar Maid' and 'The Princess,' by W. St. John Harper, are decorative in composition and treatment and unusually effective. Other artists represented in this volume are Dielman, Fredericks, Fenn, Schell and Taylor. The frontispiece is an excellent portrait of Tennyson.

'IDYLLS OF THE MONTHS,' a volume of poems and drawings by Mary A. Lathbury (George Routledge & Sons, \$3.50), gives a series of colored plates showing pretty girls in artistic modern costumes among floral accessories. There is a plate for every month in the year, accompanied by verses set on alternate pages in decorative designs of a semi-classical character. The frontispiece shows a colored drawing of a spirit or Psyche with butterfly wings and golden hair. This is the best plate artistically, and the best piece of color reproduction in the book. A somewhat similar design appears on the cover, which is rather tasteful. Neither plates nor verses rise above mediocrity, and the plates are unnecessarily crude in color.

'THE INCA PRINCESS,' by the author of 'Sir Rae,' 'Iris,' etc. (J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50), relates in verse the history of an unhappy Inca maiden, whose love was disdained by a proud Spaniard, a follower of De Soto. She went into a convent and years afterward met her lover as he lay upon his deathbed. The verse is flowing and rather musical. The illustrations are very good. The frontispiece is a tropical landscape subject, decoratively composed by F. R. Schell. Mr. J. O. Davidson's marine makes one wish that this artist were oftener represented in American book-illustration. Alfred Fredericks, W. T. Smedley, Howard Pyle and F. S. Church supply the figure element. Mr. Church's 'Indian Maidens Lithe and Dun' is a composition full of tropical sentiment and decorative effect, and is the most characteristic of all the plates. Mr. Harry Chase contributes a marine illustration. The engraving is uniformly good, and is all in the same vein of workmanship, although it has been done by several persons.

'THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT' (Roberts, 7.50) makes its appearance as an illustrated gift-book. Whether the interests of religion or morality are served by this method of popularizing the tenets of the Christian scheme of personal responsibility is a question which might be discussed at length. Some people will probably experience a shock upon opening this book and turning over the leaves. The body of the work consists of plates, illustrating sentences and ideas which occur in the Sermon on the Mount, and of fragments of it, enclosed in decorative borders. The Rev. E. E. Hale contributes an introduction, in which he analyses the beauties and dwells upon the moral significance of the Sermon. The artists who have illustrated the book have executed their task with tolerable skill. The illustrations are very even in quality and the engraving is good. Some of the best work is found in the decorative borders by Sidney Smith. The half-titles and engrossed text are by Charles Copeland. The artists who have illustrated the book are Harry Fenn, H. Sandham, St. John Harper, W. L. Taylor, F. S. Church, J. A. Fraser and F. B. Schell. Imaginative compositions, scenes from Biblical history, modern views of places, and allegorical subjects are included in the list of illustrations. The frontispiece gives a view of the Mount of the Beatitudes, in all its desolation and horror, with vultures swarming about it. The compositions most in harmony with the mystical spirit of the sermon are

those by Mr. Harper: 'Ye are the Light of the World,' with its solitary figure set in the darkness on the ledge of a rock overlooking the plain, and 'Enter Ye in at the Strait Gate,' which shows a young girl entering a marble hall filled with rose-bloom, are noticeable for poetic sentiment and religious feeling. Mr. H. Sandham's stately figures are good in technique and thoroughly Oriental in character. Mr. Harry Fenn has several good bits of landscape and architecture. The engraving, which was executed under the supervision of Mr. G. T. Andrew, shows serious and solid workmanship. It contains no cheap *chic*-work, masquerading as 'free interpretation of the artist's meaning.'

'FLOWERS HERE AND THERE,' by Susie Barstow Skelding (White, Stokes & Allen), is a series of colored plates of American flowers, accompanied by selected poems from the pens of different American and English poets. The flowers are very characteristic and the poems have been chosen with reference to their bearing on the flowers. The plates are good in color and well reproduced by the lithographic process. The artist's treatment of them has been literal and rather detailed. These plates and poems are published in three parts under the general title of Flower-Songs Series, which includes 'Spring Blossoms,' 'Midsummer Flowers' and 'Flowers for Winter Days' (\$1.50 each). They are bound in a new kind of cover patented by the publishers. One side is of delicately colored figured satine and on the other is a large design, on paper, of flowers or leaves, which are good in color. The covers are tied with ribbons.

LONGFELLOW'S 'Village Blacksmith,' with illustrations by Garrett, Merrill, Copeland, Lee, Schell, Mrs. Curtis-Shepherd and Miss Tucker, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The illustrations are of good quality, and have been well engraved under the supervision of George T. Andrew. The same house have also prepared, under the same supervision, a holiday edition of Tennyson's 'Day-Dream,' illustrated by St. John Harper, Winthrop Peirce, Harry Fenn, Edmund H. Garrett, W. J. Fenn, J. D. Woodward, Edmund Garrett and Charles Copeland. For his drawings of the prince, Mr. Harper seems to have taken a female model. The illustrations, which are all more or less decorative in treatment and effect, are printed on gray pages adorned with a white water-mark.

IN 'Poems of Nature,' by John Greenleaf Whittier (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$6), the plates from the burin of Elbridge Kingsley are of very unequal merit. The advantage of engraving from nature, a process with which Mr. Kingsley's name has become identified, should be a gain in breadth of effect, freedom of handling, and a freshness of impression peculiar to work done rapidly and out-of-doors. If the plates under consideration were executed under the circumstances mentioned, they certainly do not possess the qualities one would expect to find in them. In composition, many of them are panoramic and overloaded with incoherent detail. The engraver seems to mistake coarseness for breadth, and many of his foregrounds are made painfully obtrusive by the handling. He can, when he chooses, work delicately and tenderly, but he is not discriminating in his variations of touch. His arrangement of masses of light and shade is at times very arbitrary, and he frequently makes a painful struggle for pictorial effect. His best work is in treatment of distances, clouds, and aerial moods generally. If Mr. Kingsley would simplify his work he might produce something artistically valuable, for he fully understands the resources of the burin.

'LALLA ROOKH' (Estes & Lauriat, \$15) is one of the most important of the holiday books. It is worthy of respectful consideration as an example of American bookmaking, and merits much praise for the good artistic work that it contains. It is not so perfect as to be above criticism, but both publishers and illustrators appear to have been animated by an honest desire to do themselves credit. The illustrations are reproduced in a manner borrowed from the French. They are printed in different tints, the text sharing the page with the illustrations, and being framed by them. The mechanical work is excellent. The designs are nearly all original, and are the work of American artists who have been warmly inspired by the spirit of the poem. The scheme of illustration is therefore a homogeneous one, and presents a completely American realization of Oriental life and scenes. The leading artists represented are Garrett, Sandham, B. Irwin, Merrill, Champney, Blum, Fraser, Closson, Church, Myrick, Taylor, McCutcheon, Satterlee, Harper, Sheppard,

Durgin, Kenyon Cox, Wheeler, Mozart, Weeks, Barse, Lungren, Allen, Rowland, Sharstein, William H. Low and Eksergian. The average of technique, imaginative feeling and appreciation of the subject is high. Some exceptionally good work in composition is noticeable. Mr. St. John Harper particularly distinguishes himself with his elaborate Eastern pageants and accessories as well as by the grace of his figures. Mr. Blum has an artistically treated figure. Mr. Kenyon Cox bears off the palm among the illustrations with his series of decoratively conceived and finely executed compositions which are full of thought and imagination. Mr. Low contributes a number of decorative borders, elaborately composed, which are among the best of the plates. The volume, which is a large one, is bound in loose covers, and enclosed in a light brown cloth portfolio, tied with dark brown satin ribbons. An oriental design in brilliant colors would have been more in harmony with the spirit of the illustrations. The book gives genuine artistic pleasure.

'THE EVE OF ST. AGNES,' by John Keats (Estes & Lauriat), is always a welcome giftbook, as the English language does not contain a more suggestive poem for illustration nor one that better repays the care and thought bestowed on it. This year it comes before the bookbuying public in an unusually attractive manner, illustrated by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett, under the supervision of Mr. George T. Andrew, which probably means that Mr. Andrew is responsible for the engraving. The fact that the conceptions of only one artist enter into the illustrative scheme gives it homogeneity. Some good pen-and-ink work is found in the plates. The figures show considerable action and dramatic quality. The sumptuous accessories described in the poem are faithfully rendered in the plates, which are very picturesquely composed and very effective. The engraving is excellent. The ballroom scenes are especially noticeable for their light and sparkling effect, and among the large figures that of the beardsman is remarkable for its good technique and firmness of general handling. The Oriental subjects are well conceived and executed.

'CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE' (Ticknor & Co. \$6) is illustrated in a somewhat conservative manner. The landscape views are all somewhat photographic in character and not particularly interesting from the modern artistic standpoint. The draughtsmen employed in the illustration of this book are Garrett, Schell, Anthony, Smith, Perkins, Ipsen, Harry Fenn, Woodward, Myrick. The head- and tail-pieces by Sidney Smith are particularly good.—'ROSEBUDS,' by Virginia Gerson (White, Stokes & Allen, \$2), is a quaint and charming book of rhymes and jingles, illustrated in the Greenaway manner, and printed both in colors and monochrome tints. The humorous element of childlife is made the most prominent, and pug dogs and little darkies are found hobnobbing with the proud and haughty aesthetic infant. The drawings are clever enough within a limited range.

'THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE' are greatly improved by being bound up in a handsome volume, such as that in which White, Stokes & Allen have issued the second series of selections from our lively contemporary. Mr. Browning certainly was not thinking of Mr. Mitchell's illustrated weekly when he remarked that 'all of life's a cry just of weariness and woe'; for there is no woe in these pictured pages, and no weariness, since they are so few, so varied and so bright. Mr. Hyde's Du-Maurier-like interiors stand out well on the heavy and highly-calendered paper of this volume.—KATE GREENAWAY'S ALMANACK is a precursor of the new year that we greet with annually augmented pleasure. With its dainty designs for every month and season, its calendars, and its stiff little paper covers, each with a picture on its face, it is as pretty as it is practical. It pleases the eye to look at it, the hand to hold it, and the mind to muse over its old-fashioned lads and lasses in their colored gowns and breeches and boots and hats. (25 cts.)

CHRISTMAS with its solemn joy always turns the seriously disposed to more or less solemn themes. It is a time of sweet memories as well as of sweet expectations; and these expectations may take the form of plethoric Christmas stockings or of prophetic anticipations. For those solemnly inclined many beautiful things have been prepared, none more attractive perhaps than 'The Celestial Country: From the Rhythm of St. Bernard of Cluny,' translated by Rev. J. M. Neale (A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$2.25). The translation of this famous 'rhythm' is done with singular felicity and melodiousness, about 1000

lines of the original 3000 having been selected for the purpose. The printing and paper, the rubricated lettering, the broad margins, the binding of Chinese gilt with its splash of a crimson cross, are exquisite. Ragged edges add the last piquancy to the preparation, which is spoiled only by four absurd photographic illustrations. 'Jerusalem the Golden' and many another lovely hymn get their honey from this hive. On page 10 (twelfth line from the top) we notice *shall for shall*.

*The Magazine of Art* for 1885 (Cassell & Co.) gives a choice collection of excellent articles and plates. This is undoubtedly the best popular art-magazine in the English language, and in some respects in any language. It is not an organ of the higher technical or professional side of art, like the French and German art-reviews. It handles art from the standpoint of the intelligent lay-reader who has a good general knowledge of the literary side of art, and perhaps a slight knowledge of the special technical side. It covers a wide field in historic and contemporary art. Subjects like Oriental brasswork and female headgear in historic times are found side by side with thoughtful papers on artists such as Puvis de Chavannes and De Neuville. The best art-writers of England and some of the best known artists contribute to its pages. The illustrations are of a class in keeping with the aims of the magazine.

### Books for the Young.

'PEPPER AND SALT, or Seasoning for Young Folk,' prepared by Howard Pyle (Harper & Bros. \$2), is a quaint and charming book, gotten up as to illustrations and decorative designs somewhat in the style of the same author's 'Robin Hood.' The title-page printed in red and black is very decorative. Mr. Pyle's wonderful versatility is shown in the different kinds of subjects and the various periods he treats, in every gradation of humor, mirth and sly satire, with now and then a touch of fine sadness. His tales suggest the morality and motherwit of the old German and Scandinavian legends, with a memory of early English lore. His ballads are very English in their archaic form. But in thought and delicate conceit they are modern. The ballad of the newspaper puff might even be called local. The ballad of the three who went in pursuit of fortune points an American moral. The song of the cultured piggy whose name was Jame—s is very funny and sly. The ballad of the playful breeze is accompanied by a lovely drawing, showing the breeze as a sprite with gossamer wings. The Arcadian shepherd and shepherdess who caught cold by sitting on the damp grass are very attractive young people. Mistress Polly Popinjay, whose pride received a fall, is as amusing as the Bachelor and the Lass in the ballad 'A Disappointment.' One presents a Dolly Varden type and the others suggest a later epoch. But they are all very English. Mr. Pyle does not disdain Japanese, Dutch and German artistic motives, but he is most at home in England.

'GULLIVER'S TRAVELS,' by Dean Swift, with a prefatory memoir by Mr. George Saintsbury (Scribner & Wellford), is a very attractive edition of the great classic. It is handsomely printed and abounds with charming illustrations in color, signed with French names and full of a kind of wit and drollery peculiar to French comic illustration. They probably give a better interpretation of Swift's Irish humor and satire than illustrations by artists of the hated Saxon race could offer. The color-printing of these illustrations is admirable. The artistic quality of the spirited designs is excellently well set forth by the beauty of the mechanical process. The light olive smooth cloth cover has gold and colored designs of Lilliputians and a ship. The whole get-up of the book presents an attractive mingling of the French and English elements.

SIX quaint little poems by Juliana Horatia Ewing have been illustrated in color by R. Andre, and are issued by E. & J. B. Young & Co., in six dainty little books for children—'The Mill Stream,' 'Grandmother's Spring,' 'Baby: Puppy: Kitty,' 'Mother's Birthday Review,' 'Convalescence,' and 'The Poet and the Brook.' Both the verses and the pictures are a curious little medley of the funny and the pretty, and, with their charming little covers, the books are certainly attractive.—'SUGAR AND SPICE,' by the editor of 'Quiet Hours' (Roberts), is a collection, prettily illustrated, of familiar and favorite nursery rhymes for children up to six years old. The collection is pleasantly free from anything morbid or dangerously exciting, and includes verses from many authors, from Mother Goose up—or shall we say, down?

NOTHING daintier in baby-lore for the very youngest will be found this season than 'Baby,' drawn and colored by T. Pym. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.) It is a tiny little book, with the dearest little figures and most picturesque of alphabet letters, and with the cunningest little verses attached. We don't know any one too old to enjoy a copy of it, though it is intended for the eyes and ears of the toddlers.—THE same firm issue a brief biography of Gordon, strikingly illustrated in color by R. Andre. These little books, giving the salient points of a famous man's career, are often preferable to longer efforts with the general impression weakened by detail.

'DAVY AND THE GOBLIN,' by Charles E. Carryl, illustrated (Ticknor & Co. \$1.50), relates the story of a little boy who had some adventures of his own after reading 'Alice in Wonderland.' It is entertaining both for old and young, with a style that recalls 'Alice' and the rhymes of Edmund Lear, and will be a favorite for the holidays.—'IN A GOOD CAUSE' is a collection, temptingly bound, of stories and verses, issued by E. & J. B. Young & Co. for the benefit of the North Eastern Hospital for Children, in London. Contributions from so many different authors, widely differing in subject and treatment, necessarily make a somewhat curious medley, the best of the prose being an amusing little sketch by F. Anstey called 'A Very Bad Quarter of an Hour,' and the best of the verses a pretty little poem by Oscar Wilde.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON has gathered together in a tempting little book some 'Strange Stories from History for Young People,' illustrated. (Harper, \$1.00.) Though they read like romance, they are all well authenticated history, only strange because less familiar than most of the history presented to the young. The 'Stories' are republished from *Harper's Young People* and other periodicals, and they have such inspiring titles as 'A War for an Archbishop,' 'The Battle in the Dark,' 'The Sad Story of a Boy King,' 'A Prince Who Would not Stay Dead,' etc. Being Mr. Eggleston's, they are necessarily good in subject and treatment, as well as in title.—'SEED-THOUGHTS for the Growing Life,' selected by Mary E. Burt (Chicago: Colgrave Book Co. 20 cts.), is a little pamphlet filled with better things than its foolish title would imply. The quotations are brief, and run from Browning to Rose Cleveland; but there is a preponderance of Browning, and many really good and pertinent little sentences to store in the memory.

A TEMPTING gift-book for a child is 'Tiles from Dame Marjorie's Chimney Corner,' by F. S. J. Burne and H. J. A. Miles. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.) The verses and tiles are not of special interest, though pretty; but incidentally there are worked in copies of china carefully selected and drawn by Mrs. Burne from specimens in museums and private collections, and illustrating Japanese, Chinese, Persian, Italian, German, French, Dutch, Spanish, and English porcelain and pottery.—MARGARET VANDEGRIFT is a pleasant writer for young people, and her story of 'Rose Raymond's Wards' (Porter & Coates, \$1.50) is an amiable account of some young people, left orphans with very little money, who 'managed' extremely well. The book is very long and somewhat monotonous, the best of it being the verses which have already appeared in *St. Nicholas*; but it is a healthful little tale.

'THE Joyous Story of Toto,' by Laura E. Richards, illustrated by E. H. Garrett (Roberts), is a delicious piece of pure nonsense, without any moral and almost without any meaning, and as good in its way as the famous 'Alice in Wonderland.' The book is so full of delightful touches that it is impossible to quote from its many good things; but perhaps our favorite is the rocking-horse that entered for the race and won it, because while the other horses foolishly ran ahead, he merely stayed and rocked, and so of course when the other horses came round the turn, there he was waiting for them at the judges' stand. There is not a dull line in the entire book, and while the little folks will enjoy it hugely, you will do well to buy and read it, even if you are so unfortunate as not to know any little folks.

'FAIRY-TALES FROM BRENTANO,' illustrated (A. C. Armstrong & Son), is a bright and amusing little book, finely issued, containing some of the best of the stories of Clemens Brentano, translated by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker. They are the kind of fairy-tale made up of absurd adventure which is nevertheless interesting enough to captivate quite elderly imaginations. It contains the unique surprise of not having any proper ending. The best of the stories, on homœopathic principles, is the one

about the princess who could not laugh.—'THE FITCH CLUB' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is another of the excellent stories by Jak, whose 'Birchwood' we have recently had the pleasure of commending. It is a unique little story, about young lads and lassies who had to help themselves, and who learned how easy it is for even the poorest to find somebody poorer to help in some way, and how pleasant it is not to let one's self be helped any more than is actually necessary.

'THE BOY'S BOOK of Battle Lyrics,' illustrated (Harper), is not a compilation, but a collection of the spirited verses of Thomas Dunn English. The author modestly states that they are metrical narratives rather than poems; nevertheless, although one of their excellent characteristics is the ease with which they impress upon the mind important events in United States history, they exhibit also the thrill of rhythm and picturesqueness of statement which belong to good poetry, and will be liked by boys for their own sake as well as for what they teach. The stirring, martial tone of the book is full of vigor, and historical notes with the details accompany each lyric.

SUSAN COOLIDGE has written for young girls a simple and pleasant little story of Newport life, illustrated, under the title of 'A Little Country Girl' (Roberts.) The story is that of a little country cousin introduced suddenly into fashionable life with its pleasures and its dangers, and the moral is the wholesome one that money and culture and luxury do not of necessity spoil people, but that even conventional etiquette has its root in what is kind and generous, as well as graceful and becoming. Perhaps the best lesson of the kind is the little lecture on shyness as a form of selfishness which must be conquered as an actual fault.

'FRIENDS AND FOES from Fairy Land,' by Right Hon. Lord Brabourne, illustrated (Little, Brown & Co.), contains three stories certainly novel and ingenious as fairy-tales. The longest, 'The Witches of Headcorn,' is the least attractive; but 'The Cat-Man' is amusing, with an excellent moral at the bottom of it; while 'Rigmale, or the Search for a Soul' is touching and graceful.—LAURA E. RICHARDS has edited a most delightful book for young children, called 'Four Feet, Two Feet, and No Feet.' (Estes & Lauriat, \$1.75.) It is not only 'fully illustrated,' as advertised, but also most charmingly illustrated, and is an admirable collection of short and simple but original little stories, illustrating the habits of furry and feathery pets.

*St. Nicholas* for 1885, in two volumes (The Century Co.), is as good a Christmas gift as any child need ask for, in the literary line. Stories, poems, jingles, serious pictures and comic ones, tales of adventure and historical sketches, are all included between these bright red covers. They have sprung from the brains of the most talented writers and artists of the country, and form not only a means of amusement but an unconscious liberal education for every child old enough to read or be read to. *St. Nicholas* leads the van among the juvenile magazines on both sides of the Atlantic.

*Harper's Young People* for 1885 (Harper & Bros., \$3.50), is as bright and lively as ever. Its contents show no falling-off in style or character. The sparkling stories and clever sketches of actual American boy-and-girl life, which seem to be its specialty, are as prominent as ever. The illustrations are original in idea and well executed, and the humorous element is strong in them. The adventures of enterprising cats and dogs are amusingly set forth at the close of many of the numbers. This book offers a better Christmas treat for a bright boy or girl than many a conventional gift-book.

'Bopeep: A Treasury for the Little Ones' for 1885 (Cassell & Co.) is full of pretty pictures of animals and babies and dolls and birds, with a few grown people to lend dignity and afford protection. There are jingles and little stories and poems and nursery rhymes innumerable. The text is in large letters, so that young persons just beginning to master the English language as it is written can pick out words all by themselves, without help from mamma or nurse.

*Little Folks* for 1885 (Cassell & Co.) has a pretty colored frontispiece, showing a little girl in a quaint pink frock, playing with kittens. It is a treasure-house of good stories, poems and tales of adventure. All the stories point a good moral and inculcate lessons of wisdom, obedience and amiability. This volume is in every way attractive, and fully bears out the high reputation of the magazine.

## Current Criticism

IRISH LANDSCAPES AND LITERATURE.—A characteristic of the Irish writers and people which has not been at all appreciated by the English is, I think, that of extreme melancholy. All Irish stories are sad, all humorous Irish songs are sad; there is never a burst of laughter excited by them, but, as I fancy, tears are near at hand; and from 'Castle Rackrent' downward every Hibernian tale that I have read is sure to leave a sort of woful tender impression. Mr. Carleton's books—and he is by far the greatest genius who has written of Irish life—are preëminently melancholy. Griffin's best novel, 'The Collegians,' has the same painful character, and I have always been surprised while the universal English critic has been laughing over the stirring stories of 'Harry Lorrequer,' that he has not recognized the fund of sadness beneath. The most jovial song that I know of in the Irish language is 'The night before Larry was stretched;' but along with the joviality you always carry the impression of the hanging next morning. 'The Groves of Blarney' is the richest nonsense that the world has known since the days of Rabelais; but is it not very pathetic nonsense? The folly is uttered with a sad look and to the most lamentable wailing music; it affects you like the jokes of Lear's fool. An Irish landscape conveys the same impression. You may walk all Ireland through, and hardly see a cheerful one; and whereas at five miles from the spot where this is published or read in England you may be sure to light upon some prospect of English nature smiling in plenty, rich in comfort, and delightfully cheerful, however simple and homely, the finest and richest landscape in Ireland always appeared to me to be sad, and the people corresponded with the place.—From *Thackeray's Recently Published Essays*.

THE AIM OF CULTURE.—The aim of true culture should be not alone to build up a true intellect, but through it to build up as perfect an inner being as possible. Culture brings forth the man fully grown, well formed, rich blooded, firmly knit, alive all over. We are thus led up to the point whence we can see culture as nothing less than the very task of the church upon earth. Culture blossoms into character. The modern apostle of culture himself tells us that conduct is three-fourths of life. Three-fourths of the energy of a true culture must go to the shaping of conduct, to the forming of character. The intellect blossoms into character, and character flowers into religion. It is the knowledge of God to which all noble studies lead us. Every glimpse into a truth is a vision of God. Every discovery is a revelation. It is true that culture and religion have been at variance, but that is the fault of a feeble conception of both. . . . Religion is learning that its mission is to fashion a perfect manhood—a task of education, which is to be realized only by leading forth all the powers and faculties and instincts of human nature, and guiding their growth toward a harmonious wholeness. Culture is learning that its function is to be discharged only when books make men; when the intellectual life blossoms out into the moral life, and the moral life flowers into the religious life; when knowledge opens into wisdom, and wisdom bows its knees in worship of the infinite truth and beauty which are one with the eternal goodness.—From a *Sermon by Dr. Heber Newton*.

## Notes.

In the January *Harper's* Mr. W. D. Howells will appear in his new department 'The Editor's Study.' In this introductory instalment he will describe the sort of 'study' that the editor is supposed to occupy and hint at the one which is really his; and he will discuss some recent fiction and holiday books, and make some pertinent remarks on 'literary centres.' From 'The Editor's 'Easy-Chair' Mr. Curtis will extend a genial welcome to the occupant of 'The Editor's Study.'

—The *Presbyterian Review* will hereafter be published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It will remain as heretofore under the editorial management of the Presbyterian Review Association. The managing editors are Chas. A. Briggs, D.D., and Francis L. Patton, D.D. LL.D. With such an enterprising house to publish it, the *Review* should take a new lease of life.

—Our *Youth* is the title of a new paper 'for young people and their teachers' edited by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent and published once a week by Phillips & Hunt. Dr. Vincent has engaged a corps of popular writers, and *Our Youth* will be filled with stories, tales of adventure and travel, scientific articles, and poetry. Although the paper is intended more especially for

the youth of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it is not edited in a sectarian spirit. Dr. Vincent is a man of wide sympathies, and an admirable periodical may be expected as the result of his editing. Of the typography of *Our Youth* it is sufficient to say that it is modelled upon that of THE CRITIC, to which paper the editor politely acknowledges his obligations.

—Flaubert's 'Salammbô,' which is soon to appear in an English edition in London and New York, has been provided with an introduction by Edward King.

—The sale of the library, pictures and musical instruments of the late Richard Grant White, by Bangs & Co., netted \$6,848.63. All of Mr. White's manuscripts were withdrawn. They were put in the catalogue, the auctioneer announced, by mistake.

—What is announced as the last word of General McClellan to his countrymen is a careful study of 'The Militia and the Army,' which he wrote for *Harper's Monthly* but a few weeks before his death, and which will appear in the January number of that magazine. It is certain to prove a valuable paper.

—Major H. B. McClellan, a cousin of the late General, has written a Life of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the Confederate cavalryman.

—'The Thankless Muse,' a volume of verse by Prof. H. A. Beers, the biographer of N. P. Willis, will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—Mr. William Archer, perhaps the most acute and accomplished of English dramatic critics, has contributed to the November *National Review* a thoughtful and suggestive paper on 'The Stage of Greater Britain,' which may be commended to the consideration of all who are interested in the future of the theatre among the English-speaking race.

—Marcus Ward & Co. have printed in an attractive and sumptuous style a poem on Burns read before the Burns Society in this city by the author, Mr. Duncan MacGregor Crerar. The pamphlet is illustrated with very pretty pictures representing scenes associated with the memory of Scotland's favorite bard.

—Macmillan & Co. will issue in London a complete edition of the historical works of Francis Parkman.

—The *Boy's World* is a new eight-page monthly for the young, edited by Matthew White, Jr. It is illustrated, and will contain stories by Frank H. Converse, Eliot McCormick, Kirk Munroe, James Otis, H. L. Satterlee and others.

—A sufficient number of subscribers having been secured, Gen. Halleck's translation of Jomini's 'Napoleon' will be issued by D. Van Nostrand on Dec. 15.

—It is gratifying to know that Mrs. Harrison's capital volume of 'Bric-a-Brac Stories' is meeting with deserved success in England, where Messrs. Ward & Downey issued an edition of it that was unusually large for an American book. Some of the papers have given particular praise to the Chinese story as a characteristic tale of the Flowery Kingdom—not a slight compliment to the imagination of the author, who had no other basis for the story than a string of Chinese proverbs.

—Its fourteenth volume is completed by *The Magazine of American History* with its issue for December. To the Historical Homes Series Mrs. Lamb, the editor, contributes a paper on 'The Brooklyn Home of Philip Livingston, the Signer.'

—With its December number *The Art Amateur* begins its fourteenth volume. It is an unusually full number, and besides the letter-press accompanying the illustrations it contains a variety of interesting papers on topics that come within the general domain of art. The editor promises no fewer than six colored plates for the use of students during the year. The one that accompanies the current number is an admirable portrait head, reproduced with much fidelity from a painting of Miss Charlotte Adams by Carroll Beckwith.

—Edwin Arnold, author of 'The Light of Asia,' has taken his family to India, and will, it is said, write newspaper letters for the London press.

—T. Fisher Unwin announces in London a new edition of Brander Matthews's 'Last Meeting.' To Mr. Unwin's first annual, 'The Broken Shaft,' edited by Henry Norman, who writes the connecting narrative and contributes one of the stories, Marion Crawford's and R. L. Stevenson's contributions each contain a ghost and a murder, F. Anstey's contains a ghost and a case of manslaughter, while W. H. Pollock tells of a domestic tragedy and William Archer relates the story of a secret society.

—The Christmas number of *Harper's Young People* will contain an operetta by H. C. Bunner, and stories by Howard Pyle and John R. Coryell. A later number will have a Christmas story by Miss Alcott, and an article by Lieut. Schwatka on 'Christmas in the Arctic.'

—By a slip of the pen, Mr. G. W. Cooke, in his paper on 'Three Forgotten Poets,' published in our last issue, wrote Miss Thayer instead of Miss Clapp (p. 242, line 17). In answer to an inquiry as to where the July *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* containing Mr. Cooke's paper on *The Dial* can be obtained, we would say that it may be ordered through Mr. Cooke himself, at West Dedham, Mass. The price is fifty cents.

—Some time in December the publishing office of *The Athenaeum* will be removed from 20 Wellington Street, its abode for nearly fifty years, to 22 Took's Court, Chancery Lane, where the journal has been printed since 1829.

—Macmillan & Co. have taken an edition of Mrs. Louis Agassiz's life of her husband for sale in England.

—One of the papers in the series on modern warfare, now publishing in *Harper's*, will be by Sir Edward Reed, long Chief of Construction in the British Navy. It will be fully illustrated, and will appear in the February number.

—Amongst the more recent literary notes cabled to America are the following:—The complete correspondence of Carlyle with Goethe, together with copies of Goethe's letters to Carlyle, has been discovered in the Goethe archives.—Ruskin and Kate Greenaway are at work together on a Christmas book, which is to bear the title 'Dame Wiggins of Lee and her Seven Wonderful Cats.' The new edition of Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice' will be a four-guinea reprint of the second edition (1858), with all the illustrations. A new collection of his miscellaneous works, called 'On the Old Road,' will be ready in a fortnight, in two volumes, at fifteen shillings each.—W. H. Mallock is writing a political novel to appear serially in *The National Review*.—Madame Viardot announces her desire to sell the complete manuscript of Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' the proceeds to go toward the erection of a Mozart monument in Vienna.—Musurus Pasha, late Turkish Minister to England, is translating Dante's 'Paradiso' into modern Greek. It is said that he has kept a diary for the past ten years, and thinks of printing it.—George Moore, the chief English disciple of Zola, has finished a new novel called 'A Drama of Muslin,' treating of the life of a group of girl friends, in which the male characters form merely a decorative background. He will next write a study of a group of men with the women relegated to the background.—Mr. Robert Buchanan, who recently paid his disrespects to the American literary guild, has written a poem called 'the Earthquake,' which consists of a succession of stories relating to questions of religion and science. These stories are represented as being told by a gathering of fugitives who have fled from London during a supposed earthquake. Among the prominent persons of whom the poem contains sketches are Ruskin, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, Prof. Tyndall, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. William H. Mallock, and Walt Whitman.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 1070.**—About a year ago, I believe, there was published a translation of the 'Iliad' by an English scholar. Can you tell me his name, and the standing of his work?

WALDOBORO, MAINE. J. H. L.  
[We suppose Butcher and Lang's translation is meant. It is an excellent one.]

**No. 1071.**—Can you or any of your readers inform me of any biography of Solomon?

EXETER, N. H. C. M.  
[Biographies, or histories, of Solomon have been not uncommon, in one form or another. See 'Geschichte David's und Solomon's' by the Swiss J. J. Hess, 2 vols., Zurich, 1785, and J. L. Ewald's 'Salomo: Versuch einer Psychologisch Biographischen Darstellung,' Gera, 1800. See also Dean Stanley's 'Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church,' Vol. II, Lect. 26-28, and Geikie's 'Hours with the Bible,' Vol. III, Ch. 14, et seq. Mohammedan literature is full of legends about Solomon (see references to the Koran in Stanley). Persia produced several biographies of him—one, 'Suleiman-Nameh,' in eighty books, ascribed to Firdusi. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould's 'Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets' gives a collection of fantastic stories about him.]

**No. 1072.**—1. In my Western ignorance I had never supposed that Silas Lapham's surname could be pronounced otherwise than as Lap-ham; but when I heard a learned friend call it La-pham (Laffam), it struck me that, perhaps, he was right and I wrong. How does the matter really stand?—2. Is there a good English translation of Björnson's 'Flags are Flying,' or of Alexander Kielland's 'Elsie,' or his 'Laboring People,' all of which were referred to in your issue of September 19?

LOS ANGELES, CAL. M. D. L.  
[1. In your 'Western ignorance' you were quite right.—2. No. Some of Kielland's novels—including 'Elsie,' we believe—have appeared in the *Deutsche Rundschau*.]

### ANSWERS.

**No. 1059.**—Six verses of the 'Old Straw Hat' appear in a copy of Eliza Cook's poems that I have, and 'The Old Water-Mill' is also contained in the same volume. The book bears the imprint of Messrs. Routledge & Sons of New York.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. LILY N.  
[1. In your 'Western ignorance' you were quite right.—2. No. Some of Kielland's novels—including 'Elsie,' we believe—have appeared in the *Deutsche Rundschau*.]  
SOUTH BOSTON, MASS. A. B. D.

DO NOT FORGET that THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn., pays all claims, Life and Accident, without discount, and immediately upon receipt of satisfactory proof. It does not await the return of the hat.

THERE is no attraction like a beautiful skin. Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives it. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

*Now is the time to subscribe for The Critic.*

\$3 a year, in advance.

Send 10 cts. for three sample copies.

LIBRARIES SHOULD CONSIDER THE

## LEISURE-HOUR SHAKESPEARE.

The Text and Glossary of Dyce, with a Life and an account of each Play. By A. R. MACFARLANE. Seven Volumes, \$7.00; \$1.00 per volume.

## SYDMONDS' RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.

Part I.—The Age of Despots. Part II.—The Revival of Learning. Part III.—The Fine Arts. Part IV.—Italian Literature. 2 vols., 8vo. \$2.00 per volume. The set in a box, \$10.00.

## FALKE'S GREECE AND ROME.

Their Life and Art. By JACOB VON FALKE, Director of the Imperial Museum, Vienna. Translated by William Hand Browne, Associate of Johns Hopkins University. With over 400 illustrations. Quarto, \$10.00.

"A sumptuous work. The labors of the draughtsman have been lavishly employed, and we have portraits, views of places and buildings, both in their present condition and restored, diagrams, representations of dress, furniture, utensils, games, entertainments, domestic interiors, street and garden scenes, and drawing of statuary, etc., etc. There are about fifty full-page woodcuts, and nearly three-hundred illustrations, in the text, all of them the work of German artists. The volume is an imposing folio, handsomely printed in excellent type, and bound in a style suitable for the drawing-room."—N. Y. TRIBUNE.

Published by Messrs. HENRY HOLT & CO., 29 West 23d Street, New York.